

# New song on the Calling <sup>A</sup> of a free Parliament .

January 15<sup>th</sup> 1688.

A Parliament with one Consent is all the Cry oth' Nation, which  
now may be since Popery is growing out of fashion, The Belgick  
Troops approach to Town, the Oranges come Powring, and all the Lords  
agree as one to send the Papists Scowring .

The holy Man shall lead the Van —  
Our Father and Confessor  
In Robes of Red, the Jesuit's fled —  
Who was the Chief Transgressor  
In this disguise he thought to Escape  
And hop'd to save his Bacon, —  
But Herbert he has layd a Trapp —  
The Ratt may be Retaken

The Nuncio too the day may Rue  
That he came o're the Ocean  
I'th English Court, to keep's Resort —  
And teach his blind Devotion  
The Prelates Ellis Smith and Hall —  
Have sold their Coach and Horses  
And will no longer in White hall  
Foment their learn'd Discourses .

The Groom oth' Stool that play'd y' Fool  
Full sorely will Repent it  
And Sunderland did bare foot scand —  
For penance shall lament it  
Milford and the Scotch are fled  
Whom hopes of Interest Tempted  
Those Lords did turn for want of Bread  
And ought to be Exempted .

But Salfbury what cause had he —  
To fear his Highness Landing  
Who by his A-s and Legs might pass  
For one of understanding .  
To take up Arms at such a time —  
Against the Rules were gave him  
His Head must answ're for the Crime  
His Pardon will not save him .

The Fryers and Monks with all their Punks  
Are now upon the Scamper  
Tirconnell swears, and Rants and tears  
And Teige does make a Clamper —  
The forraign Priests that Posted o're  
Into the English Nation  
Do now Repent that on that Shore —  
They lay'd their weak Foundation .

'Twoud be a sight, woud move Delight  
In each obdurate Varlet —  
To see the Graves, that made us Slaves  
Hang in Dispensing Scarlet  
And every Popish Councillour  
That for the same Cause Plead  
Shall all turn off at the same score —  
Be hang'd or els Beheaded .

